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MORNING STAR

Vol. 8

1990-1991

North Scott High School

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MORNING STAR

VOL. 8

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NORTH SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL
ELDRIDGE, IOWA 52748

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MORNING STAR...

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening spirit and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This eighth annual collection of creative student expression joins The Lance, the student newspaper, and The Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.

Whatever It Takes

If to win the heart of a
fair young maiden
I must fight sword to shield,
So be it.

If to prove my love to
the woman who holds my heart
I must shower her with roses and kisses,
So be it.

If to keep the woman, who
for all my love is for
I must simply just set free . . .

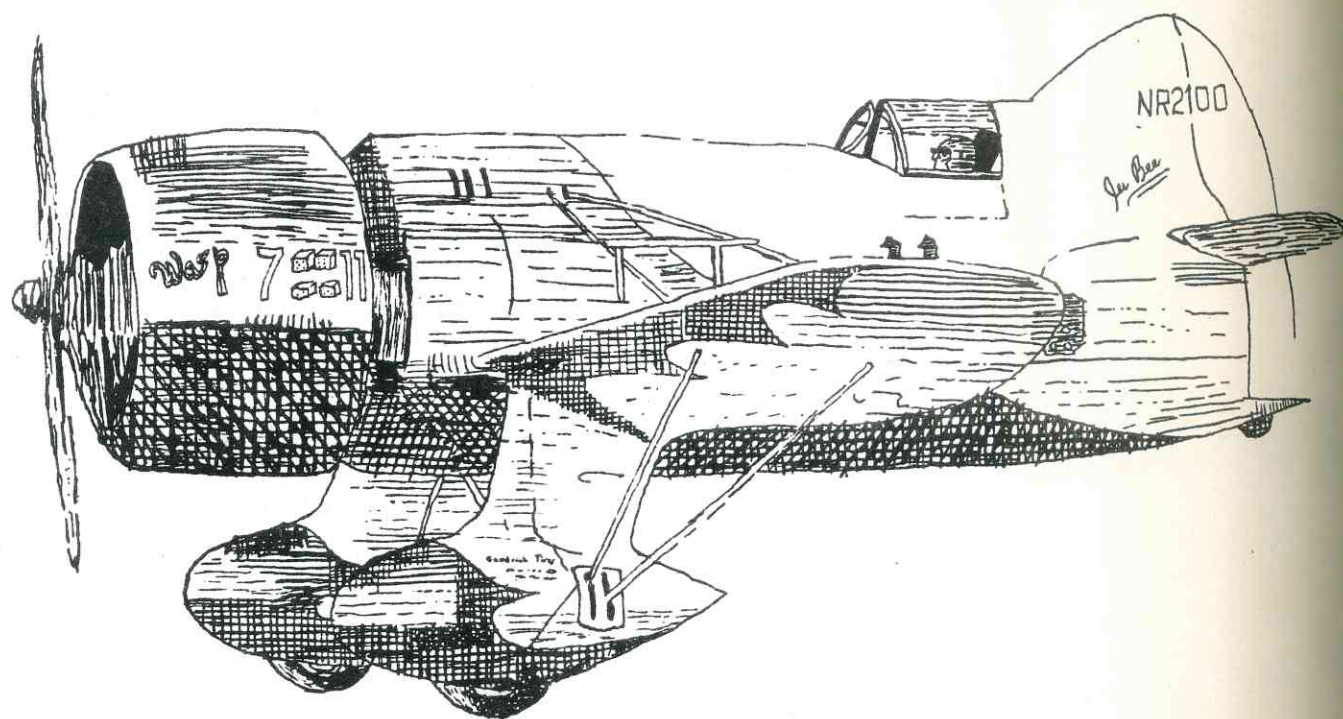
Then so be it.

Shawn P. Schroeder
Senior

Just A Dream...

One night I dreamt of you and me,
walking by moonlight around the glassy sea.
Hand in hand talking of old times,
looking for that love we never did find.
I remember how it used to be,
best of friends just you and me.
I remember the way we used to talk
now when we see each other nothing's said we just walk.
We were the best of friends just you and me,
I remember how it used to be.

Dawn Freitag
Junior



So many nights ago...
When I could fall asleep,
and not be awakened by
the noise.
The noise that
scares me so.
The One in which all children
fear.
Oh how I'd wish it
go away.

Those voices!
Were filled with rage.
Constantly battering at each
other.
As if like a see-saw
One comment after
another.
Why couldn't they stop?

Cristina Higareda
Freshman

The Rhythm of Life

To fulfill the cycle,
The rhythm must flow,
The beat of life,
God makes it go.

The rhythm of life,
It pulses through all,
The music is in us,
Do you hear its call.

Walk through the city,
The sound of the street,
Stroll through the country,
The refrain is so sweet.

Being is filled,
With the methodical, and rhythmical,
The beat of life.

Clint Schnekloth
Senior

A Rose

A rose stands for a life
a life that was not wasted,
but was taken from us in
such hasten.
We may call her a rose a
rose that was forsaken not
by the ones who loved her
but by her master mistaken
try not to cry out loud for
it was not meant to be
but bid a fair goodbye
till the spring comes and
renews thee.

*Teresa West
Junior*

Mermaid

Both fish and human
Big and small
Some are short and some
are tall.
In the sea they live
together
Hand in hand with one
another.
Some are shy and stay
at home
There are a few that like
to roam.
Most are nice but some
are mean
Some are rarely ever
seen.
With their palace under
the sea
They are as happy as
they can be!

*Jenny Nebbeling
Sophomore*

The Glory of the Mat

The mat under foot
is part of me.
A sport of splendor
that's fun to see.

It takes courage
and strength that's true.
There's not a part
that could be blue.

No matter whether
lose or win.
Neither can be
considered sin.

To wrestle with another
is more than a spat.
Us wrestlers feel it's
the glory of the mat.

Traci Hutson
Senior

The
starlight
night
came into
sight
without a
fight
with wind
tight
and children's
fright
the starlight
night.

Traci Hutson
Senior

To be a winner
is to do your best.
In a way it's a
kind of test.

Not everyone can
win the match.
There'd have to be some
kind of catch.

Winners learn from
their mistakes.
It helps them figure out
what it takes.

When they lose
it's okay.
They gain something
anyway.

There's not a winner
that hasn't lost.
But it takes a lot
at a special cost.

Winners try and
try again.
They never give up,
they want to win.

Traci Hutson
Senior

Honestly

I love him with all that I am and all that I ever shall be. I know he doesn't know this. I try to tell him. He thinks he knows. He is my sun and moon; he is my day and night. But there is only so much which can be expressed in words.

I love him in every way known to man. Even those only known by women. But I can honestly say that he doesn't know. Why would he do the things that he does? Why would he say the things that he says? Because he cannot honestly know how I feel.

I love him so much, my heart is bound to explode, but without him it can only corrode. Is it really me whom he has doubts about, or is it himself? What can I do to express my love? Without him I'll just wither and die.

I love him in a way I could never love another. He is no longer someone whom I simply want to spend the rest of my life with, but that I "need" to. For without him, I have no life! I am truly his forever and a day.

Jennifer L. Burmeister
Senior

Shooting Star

Wishing for you on a shooting star,
thinking that my dreams seem very far.
I dream of you and me being together
I wish it could be that way forever.
Knowing it can't happen that way,
when I see you, my mind runs in circles
 trying to figure out what to say.
Every night I wish that same wish,
wishing and praying I'll get my first kiss.
Spending time with you would be a dream come true,
but I only have that dream, what else can I do?
Someday that shooting star will be gone forever
but at least in my dreams we'll be together.

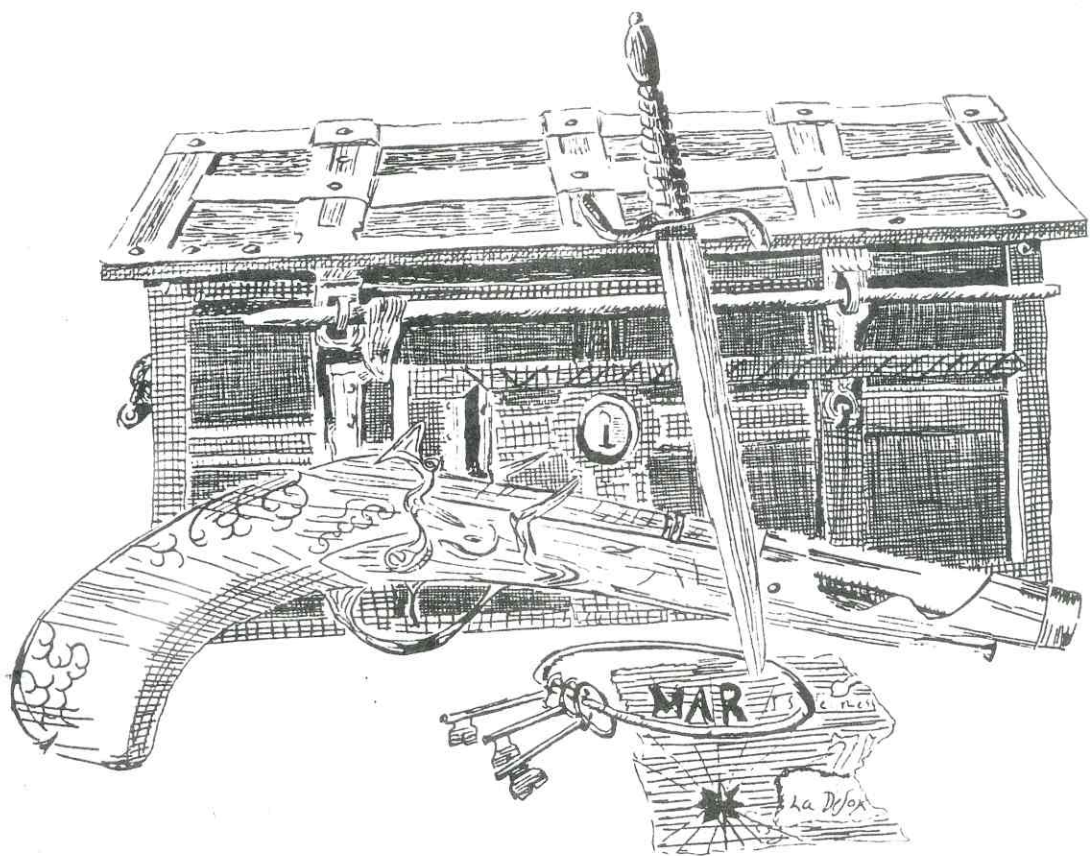
Dawn Freitag
Junior

Only You

With that one
 hug,
 security of mind was established.
Your hand still
 on my shoulder yet.
My eyes met
 yours.
An emotional burst
 was lifted
 from toe to head.
This burst, yet pleasing,
 confused me.
Of the words we
 spoke of before
 that moment.
Were of companionship,
 as well as, mutual
 understandings.
This eye contact wrote
 no words of such.
They etch one word.
 in stone.
 Love.
Still, I do not understand.
Still, I have fear
 of what to do.

Should I embrace
 your lips
 with a loving
 kiss?
Or stay dormant
 in my
 ways?
Nothing more I ask.
 Just this.
Although our lives
 are interchanging.
They are so parallel.
I leave you with
 this thought.
What if I had?
Only you know the
 answer.
Only you.

John Lafferty
Sophomore



Awakened With A Kiss

When I was young and most kids do
Dream of girls in pink and boys in blue
We don't realize with love comes trouble
So we grow up in an unrealistic bubble

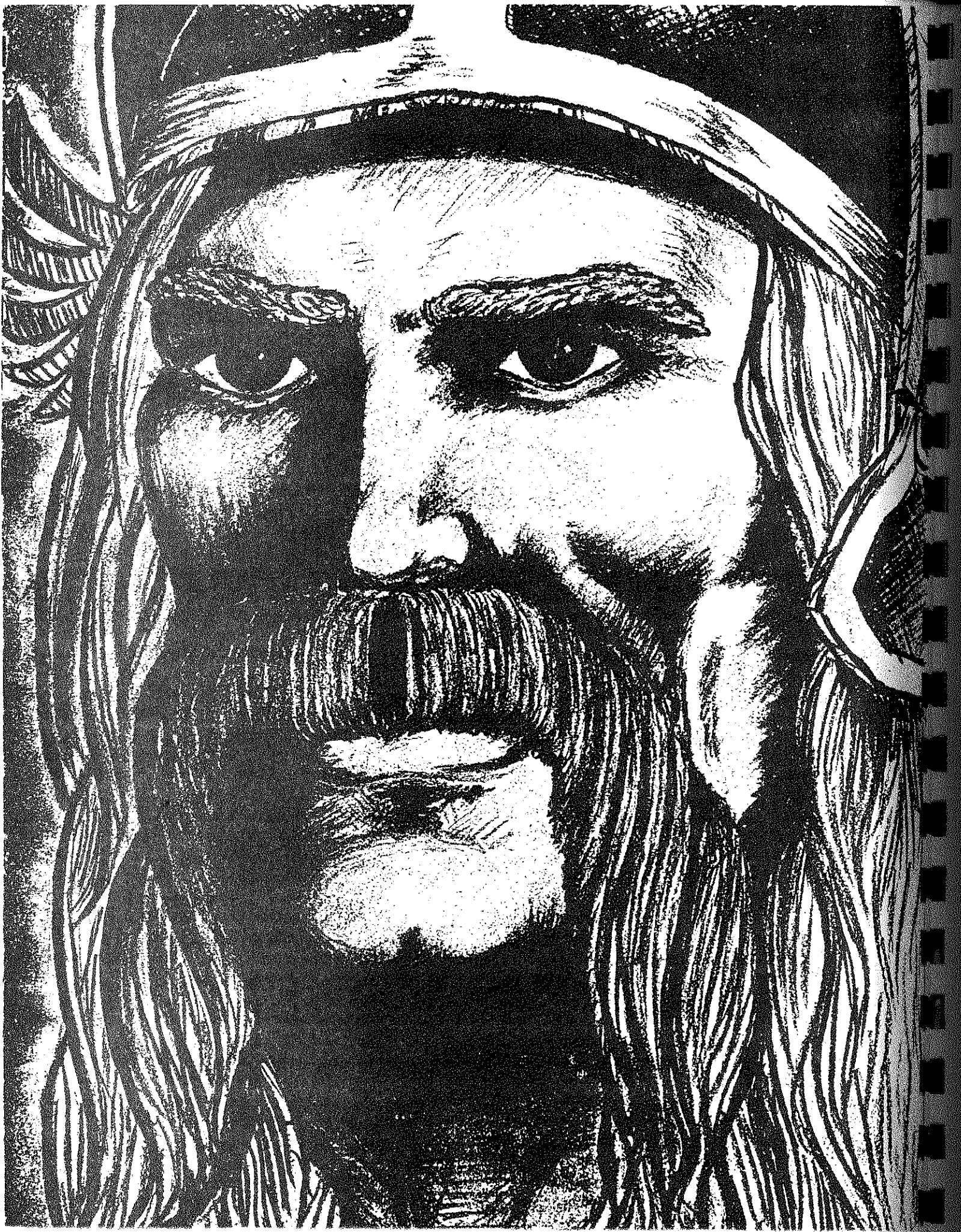
Adults tell us stories of Prince Charming
Realizing the outcome of love may be alarming
We think the Prince will come in time
And that soon wedding bells will chime

When I was young I lulled the moon
I smelled the roses in full bloom
I took long walks through the meadow
and in the park
What I didn't realize was like sin love
is dark

But a pessimistic view I cannot take
For all it leads to is heartache
I grew up believing love will endure
And so my thoughts will stay this pure

As the sun rises and arouses my sleep
My heart begins a rapid beat
At this moment I realize love really
is bliss
And my cold heart is awakened with
a kiss

Heidi Lung
Junior



My World

My world
you - I love you
Things I feel
See
Touch
Hear
I am an observer
My world
How ya doin' - homework?
Long green grass
Flowers by the sidewalk
Like flowers on a grave
My world - all I see
Faces blur
As tears run down
memories remind you
Laughter
Contentment
Friendliness
Wisdom
Love
All I remember
a voice
a vision
a feeling
In my world

Bits and pieces
of regret
guilt
words spoken
only too late
Don't show it
"Just hold him"
"Be there"
For you - my world
Can't help now
To cry
over guilt and wishes
Peeking into my world
Bits of memories
reflect in your eyes
your voice
your words
your laughter
your heart
Reminders
memories
Alive forever
Through eternal life
Live in your heart
With me
And you - my world

*Kristen Horn
Sophomore*

Necessity

Why is there such a strong feeling for someone? Someone that you can be close to - love - and count on? Who knows the answer - the need is just there - hanging heavily - pulsating strongly - driving intensely throughout.

Gina Warner
Senior

The Special One

My body is numb, my head is clouded,
my thoughts are of you.
Sadness fills my broken heart
You're not mine anymore

No one to sit with, to chat with, or to
give goo-goo eyes to.
No one to smile at, or to share secret
thoughts with

You, the person I was so content with
are gone
I feel so alone, so empty inside.
I hope that as time passes, I will begin to
let go...

but right now all that I can think of
is you.

Gina Warner
Senior

Love...

Love has no rules, no limits, no boundaries. Real love has no games, no secrets, no deceptions.

A lover is a person who gives you strength, and support, an added ingredient to one's life, making it more special.

Gina Warner
Senior

Lonely Nights

The problems we faced
shattered our dreams. A star fell
from the night's black curtain.
Our hands fell from the hold that
no power on Earth could break.

An empty spot in my heart,
The lonely nights with nothing to do,
The love once shared by two young
hearts, gone without
any goodbyes.

If we were to meet again,
What would I say? Something I
would later regret? Or things of
Romance and love? Caution from now on,
for these lonely nights are dangerous.

Shawn P. Schroeder
Senior

A Heart's Cry

I look into your eyes
and see the love that
was once there.
It reigns in your heart
like a king rules
over his kingdom.
I try to tell you how
I feel through words
and song but no one's there to listen

If only I knew how to win
your love again
like I did once before.
If only you were willing
to let your heart be free
from its strongly built cage.
If only you knew how much
I want you back in my life
again and how very, very, much
I love you.

Shawn P. Schroeder
Senior

Dry Dream

I was sitting in my kitchen, it's in the north side of my nest, when all of a sudden the phone wings. It's my husband, he mumbles something and I can't understand. I said, "Speak up, I canary hear you." He's got a meeting in New Stork and can't fly home for supper. I yelled, "Get your tailfeathers home or your goose is really cooked!" My youngest comes into the kitchen and lets out a big chirp. He's had four coo-coo colas today. I said, "Mind your manners." I had to duck because he threw an egg at me. I said, "Owl get you for that, you little turkey." We were running around the kitchen like chickens with their heads cut off. My mother-in-law came flying in like a bat out of hell. I hate that son-of-a-finch. She said, "I'm staying for supper." That made me a blue jay. She said that we should sit down and have a nice long hawk. Oh, sparrow me. Supper that night must have been good, because we all ate like vultures. Afterwards, I told my youngest to get stork naked and that it was time for his birdbath. My husband went to the hen to watch TV. The Cardinals were playing. My mother-in-law told me she hated my hair, that I should get it feathered. Then she told me that she hated the way I dressed myself. She told me to forget the bills this month and buy myself a new warblerobe. I asked, "Am I supposed to robin a bank?" She lent me some twenty dollar bills and said, "Get the flock out of here." So the next day I awoke and let me tell you, I am no mourning bird. But they say the early bird gets the worm so I headed downtown to Flamingo's Dress Shop. I arrived in my winged Chevy and found a larking space. I went inside and the place was pecked. I bought some things and went back to the nest. Everyone was eagle to see what I had bought. I showed them and they all flew the coop. No, this pheasant a nightmare, it's a dry dream.

Dry dream...

Cruising down the Jet Stream...

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Dry dream.

Mindy Thornton

Junior



Penetration

of rape and war:

the pain

making its presence
so perfectly clear
through utter intimidation
burning

like a solitary flame
clandestinely lit
among boundless fears
and savage apprehension

erupting

as hatred's blade carves
into my trembling soul
even further
than love's own depths

tension

straining my anxious heart
that once yearned earnestly
for stability's affection

taunting

each futile struggle
with bitter trepidation
which inevitably pierced
our faith's contentment

striking

the feeble innocence
of my mind's decrepitude
unexpectedly
uninhibited

*Tanya Soenksen
Junior*

...Because

All My Flowers

**Have an Even Number
of Petals**

In Your Eyes...

The Colors

of a vibrant rose
passionate roses
of an artist's palette
blooming . . . loving
in a faded portrait

The Brilliance

of a blazing moon
golden moonlight
on a winter's frost
radiating . . . loving
beneath a blanket of tears

Suddenly appearing

yet . . . subtly fading away
like an exquisite apparition
so delicate . . . so mysterious

*Tanya Soenksen
Junior*



Perspective

**We spend all day,
Worrying about why we worry,
we tell each other things no one wants to hear,
and in our minds we tell ourselves the same things,
meanwhile; the world starves,
people shoot drugs,
and children cry.**

**We spend all day,
thinkin' about how much we could have,
we take things from one another,
we even take things from ourselves,
meanwhile; people kill themselves meaninglessly,
drunks hit people on the road,
and unborn babies die.**

**We spend all day,
thinkin' about such empty things,
maybe it's time to put things into perspective,
time; to give more,
to love more,
to do what's important.**

**Some things are important, others not,
It's all a matter of perspective.**

***Clint Schnekloth*
*Senior***

**Stars and galaxies are full of light.
Each ray is a brilliant symbol of hope.
As a night sky is filled with hope,
so a heart is filled with love.**

***Lynn Voelkel*
*Sophomore***



But Do They?

Sitting before a hot enticing meal
you think of starving children
and then...
the thought passes and you
go on living.

Looking upon a warm fire and
snuggled in your cozy blanket
you remember the homeless
and then...
the thought passes and you
go on living.

At the end of a hard working day
at the office your mind drifts
to those who are jobless
and then...
the thought passes and you
go on living,

But do they?

Heidi Lung
Junior

The leaves drift
From the trees
As autumn slips in.
And I wonder,
Do the trees sorrow
At the loss
Of their leaves?
Do they forget
About the coming
Of spring?

And when change
Slips into our lives,
Do we sorrow
Over the losses,
Forgetting new leaves
Will soon grow?
That spring will
Come again?

Help me, Lord
As I struggle
Over the loss
Of certain leaves.
Help me to keep
Your peace inside
And to remember
The coming of spring.

Shawnah Edmonds
Freshman

A blank canvas
A new sheet of paper
Instruments of a beginning
A newborn baby
An ungrown seed
They have the chance
To blossom and grow
To be young
To be beautiful
To be loved
The untouched of the world
Remains separated and mystical
A hazy sunset
The full of the moon
Reflection off the water
You cannot touch
But you can see

How does it make you feel?

Amanda Orris
Sophomore

Not a day goes by
That I don't see your face
Remember your smile
See the sparkle in your eyes.

Not a minute passes
That I don't say your name
Hear your laugh
Drown in your voice.

Not a dream I have
Ever includes anyone
But you.

Amanda Orris
Sophomore

Nameless Face

I long to be with those important
My name be known across the ocean

Across the street they'd call to me
Beckon me forth with jovility

I'd walk upon the street and see
Many a people that do know me

Kelly McDonnell
Senior

Love & Obsession

as the sweet perfume of a rose lingers
so your voice remains within my heart

feel the wings of the first dove ascending
sounding the tender harmonies of a caress
the melody mingles with the angels' breath

feel the quake of a thunderous stampede
hooves rhythmically pounding the beat
of my heart each time I hear your voice

my soul quivers and I tremble
I fall to my knees --- begging for more

feel the refreshing splash of a cool drink
and the clink of the crystalline ice cubes
to remedy the heat of a summer's sun

I solely thirst for a solitary sentiment
this silence is synonymous to severance

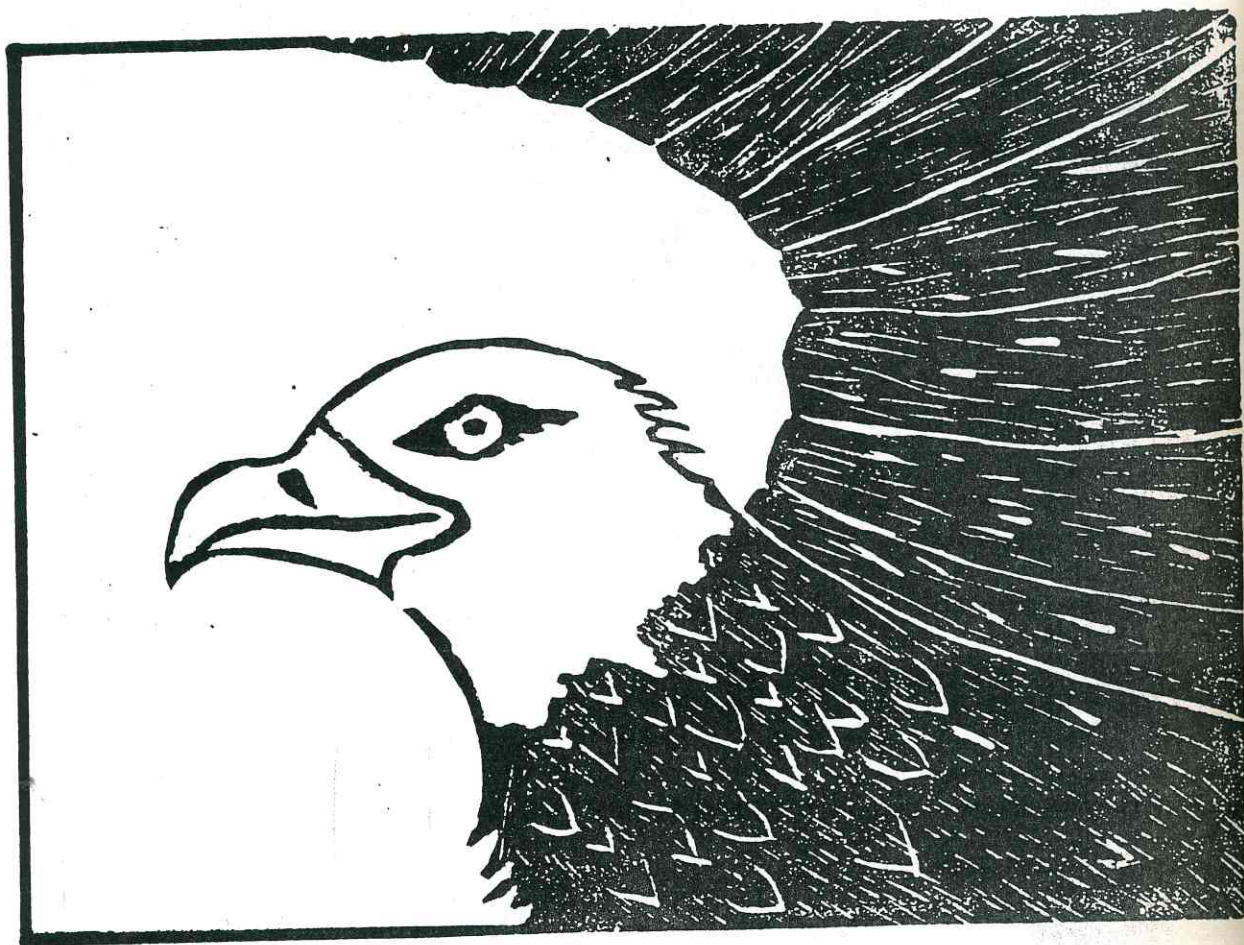
speak to me --- let me bathe in your song
before I drown in all this noise

Tanya Soenksen
Junior

Perfection

Perfection.
Your desires
took you too far.
You had it all planned
and hoped it would be
just the way that
you wanted it.
Mistake.

Mindy Thornton
Junior



Alone

Alone and asleep
My mind is a windmill of
 obscure thoughts.
A never ending time span of quiet,
 unmoving darkness.
Everyone is a quiet sheet of haze.
A warble of many birds
 breaks the silence.
It sounds like a plea for help.
It's my plea, breaking the night silence.

Erin Bush
Freshman

The Launch

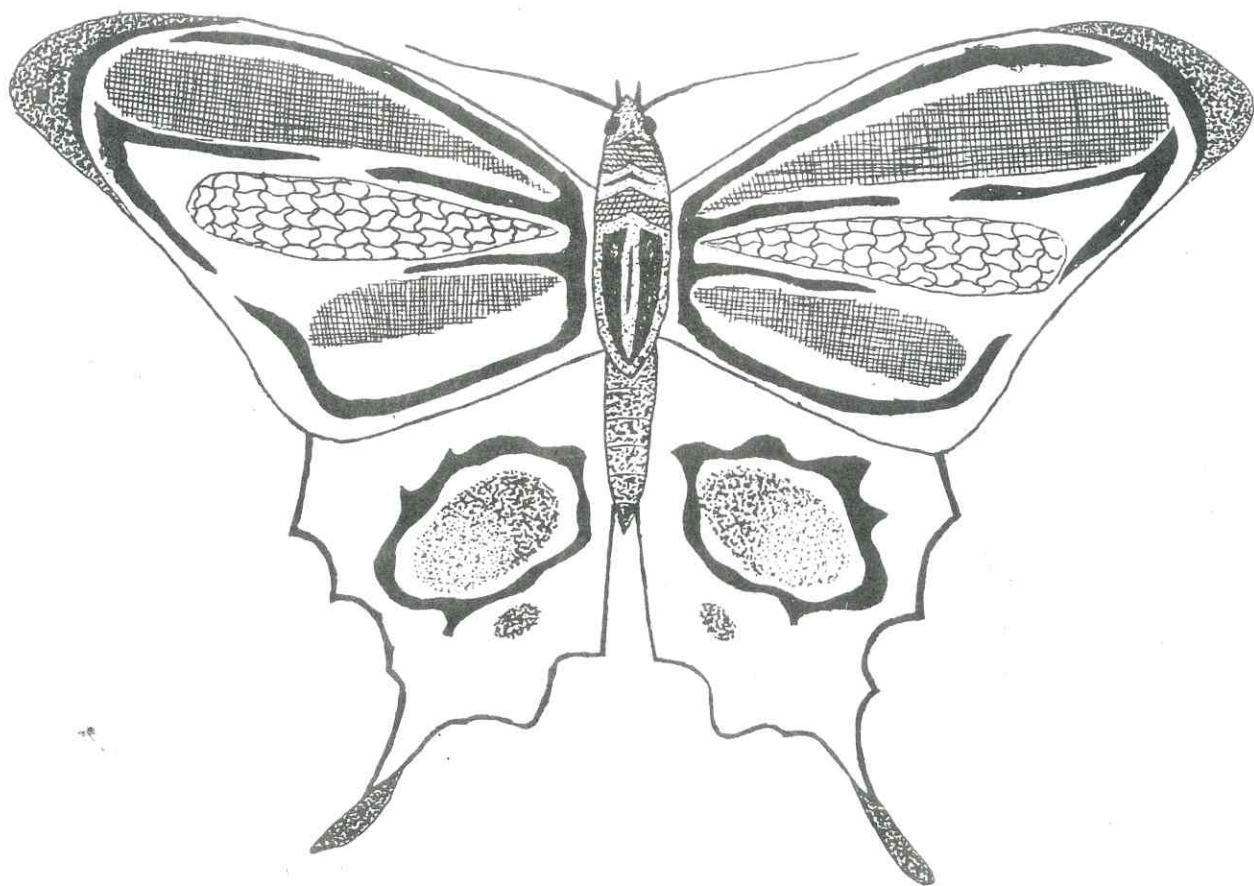
It sits there, silent, like a sleeping god
The colossal size of it makes everything else seem insignificant
Immobile, it is like a great white mountain

A slow, quiet rumble fills the crisp morning air
A burst of light, and the giant twitches
The rumbling grows into a roar,
 Seagulls flee from it in a squawking frenzy

Then, impossibly, this mammoth lifts
It rises, ever faster
Until it appears nothing more than a tiny dot
 atop a pillar of smoke and fire

Then, all is normal again
With only the sound of fading thunder to
 remind you of its presence

Gerard Heidgerken
Junior



Friends

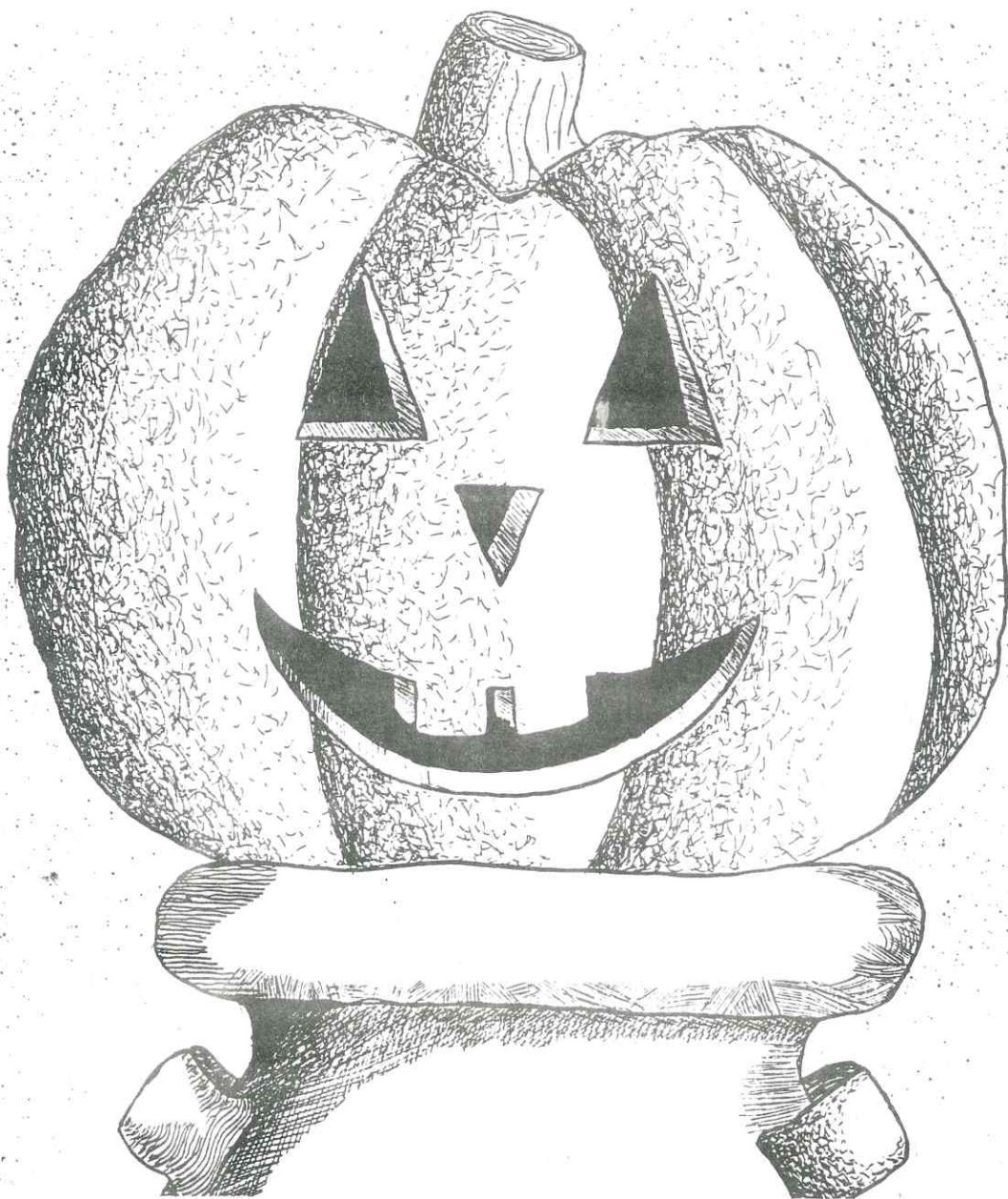
Friends are people who share;
Share their happiness,
 their sorrow,
 their laughter,
 their tears.
They do things together.
 They are together.
Friends live in each other's thoughts.
 They understand.
 They forgive.
Friends love each other for who they are,
 not for what they appear to be.
Friends help each other through tough times.
 They listen.
 They sympathize.
What I needed was a friend.
In you I found a friend.

Lynn Voelkel
Sophomore

Like Roses and Sunshine

Like the sun, a heart in love shines.
When there's love, everything once beautiful
 becomes brilliant.
A rose, forever the token of love,
 when given to one specially loved
 person by another, is renewed
 in meaning.
For each love is completely special,
 unique in every way.
Lovers feel as if they are the only
 two people in the world to
 ever experience this emotion.
True love is everlasting like the sun;
 beautiful, exciting, and peaceful
 like a rose.

Lynn Voelkel
Sophomore



Lost

One child, forever lost,
Forever lost in time.
Lost because of hurt and sadness,
And the abhorrence that she's seen.
Mirages shattered.
Dreams annihilated.
One frightened, impeccable child, alone,
Who was forced to grow up.
It wouldn't have happened so quickly,
If you had just had time
To give her love, appreciation, and desire.
And if you had stopped to see,
What your cruel, stinging words and hatred
Had done to her soul.
Now she'll never know
What love truly is.
She will never be released
From hurt, tears, and isolation.
That crying child is in me.

Erin Bush
Freshman

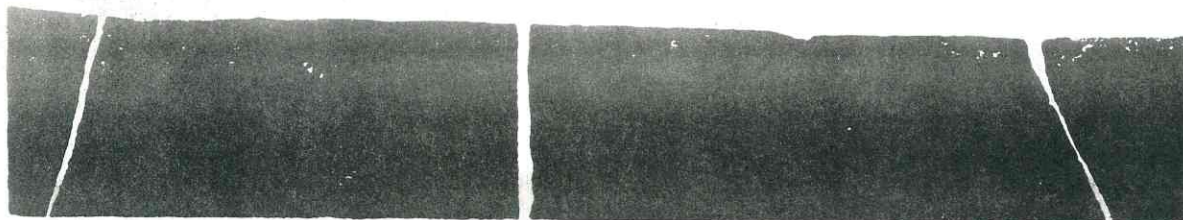
Oh, I am the great king Cooler-than-thou
You'll never be as good as me

I am the great king Cooler-than-thou
And as any fool can plainly see,
Nobody, just nobody, is as great as me

I have the most pals
I'm the smartest of us all
I get all the best gals
I'm both handsome and tall
I wear the best clothes
I'm the greatest, by far
And I'm better than those,
Who are pathetically ordinary (You know who you are!)

I am the great king Cooler-than-thou
And I'm also very modest

Gerard Heidgerken
Junior



Right vs. Wrong

Evil spirits beware.
For you dwell in the darkness,
and I in the light.

Sin and destruction are your masters,
and the Lord Jesus Christ mine.

You live for yourself and evil doings,
I live for Jesus and all that is right.

You draw on witchcraft,
and I on His might.

Evil spirits beware.
For you dwell in the darkness,
and I in the light.

Lisa Gradin
Senior

Where's My Lover?

Dogs in tree bark,
green grass grows,
Where my lover is
no one knows!?
Cats drink soda pop,
ribbons have bows,
Where my lover is
Still no one knows.

Angela Hansen
Junior

The sun rises, it's the final dawn.
The beacon of death, it'll shine upon us.
The light of doom, it'll find us.

You are fools, blind and deaf.
But that's merciful, you'll never know
the agony of understanding.
Like the lemming, you'll follow the pack.

Never questioning, never knowing.

Andrew L. Heidgerken
Freshman



Niki Farrey

Astray

It was the night the dead ones stray
Slowly, staggering, from where they lay
Some were new, some were old
Some were timid, and some were bold.

They arose from down below
Crouching in the night, each in their row
From here to there they walked around
No one noticing as they walked through town.

They peeped through windows
Some of them got in
Still no one knew
The moonlight so dim.

They never left their particular rows
The characteristics of the dead they did show
They searched through houses for something to eat
chips, popcorn, but most wanted meat.

Some of them inside, some of them out
So numerous were they
Searching for victims to take they would say
To join the long midnight stray.

Nichole Ash
Junior

He swims in a panic-stricken state
Covering very little area
Fluttering back and forth, up and down
In his hexagonal home

He's alone; yet has company
Staring back from the glass
He wants to play and
The other wants only to follow

Such a simple-minded creature
Who can not understand
The poor fish is driven crazy
By a reflection...
of Himself!

Kelly McDonnell
Senior

Unforgettable Longing

How can you be so blind?
Why is it you cannot see?
It's all too obvious
How much you mean to me.

How can it get more evident?
Is it that hard for you to hear?
My emotions are screaming out,
But you deny it to your ear.

You want me to give it up?
Is that what I'm to do?
Common sense tells me to stop,
Determination tells me not to.

What else is there to do?
What more is there to say?
No matter what it is I do,
You seem only further away.

You wonder if it really bothers me?
Tell me, what do you think?
No one could feel any lower,
All one can do is sink.

Tara Bellman
Junior

Ashtray

She goes to cool bars
to drink cool drinks
and make cool glances
only at the cool men
she thinks are good enough for her.

He entered the room;
the night was hot and
a hot breeze filtered through the air.
He spotted the woman in the hot pink
across the room.
As he lifted the hot flame
to light the end of her cigarette,
she began to feel the heat
of the moment.
And before they embraced
in a hot passionate kiss
she dropped her cigarette
into the ashtray.

Heidi Lung
Junior

A Woman

She wears Levi's,
She drinks champagne,
She runs barefoot
 in the rain.
She goes fishing
 with her man,
She holds a briefcase
 in her hand.
In the other arm
 rests a crying child
She slows the tears
 with her smile.
She puts on lipstick,
 and dresses in lace.
She can cry,
 without losing face.
She dances alone,
 and sings out loud.
To be a woman
 She is proud.

Lily Auliff
Senior

Awesome God

Each night I pray for the health of my
family and friends, and you answer me.

I ask for help and guidance with my
problems, and you listen.

The only thing you asked for in return
was to live in your light.

I've tried, and sometimes my best isn't
good enough.

You didn't care, you still spread your
arms and died for my sins.

I must say I love you, and last but not
least . . . Thank you God, you are awesome!

Lisa Gradin
Senior

Angel of the Labyrinth

An angel born of heaven
Given down to hell
Then raised to the Labyrinth
No one can tell
Whose golden heart the king will hold
Thus the Labyrinth Angel behold

Elizabeth Jones
Junior



Innocence of Time and Life

A child's innocence
Is his only protection
His only sorrow
Innocence given to him upon his birth
Taken away by time and life
Life steals the innocence
Through experience and hardship
Time steals the innocence
Through unreachable hopes and dreams
A child's innocence
We all wish we had

Elizabeth Jones
Junior

The Poorest Rich and The Richest Poor

Don't you dare look down on me .
Don't you dare.
With all your high falutin clothes,
And your noses all turned up
to the problems my friends and I
face out there.
How many of you have really
looked at your precious Lord?
I mean really looked?
If you have,
Which I doubt,
You will see not fur robes or gold rings.
What you will see is a peasant,
A homeless person,
Who didn't don the finest of silks,
but the roughest of cottons.
Who wore not shoes of leather,
but no shoes at all.
So don't you dare look down at
my friends and me,
When the Lord you so cherish
is one of us.

Elizabeth Jones
Junior

It came, the day we had to say goodbye,
Loosening the ties - trying not to cry.

The miles we traveled, furthering us apart,
Were so hard to bear, I felt I'd lost my heart.

Together we were fast friends, we had acted in unity,
But now we were separated by borders, nationalities.

Heading homeward to friends and family,
But now things are different - they seemed somehow
foreign to me.

I'm so glad we had our time to experience and enjoy,
Those times will keep us together, as a unit, I know.

Jenny Birtell
Junior

The Touch Of Your Hand...

Memories of you running through my mind,
the touch of your hand I can no longer find.
Time seems to go by so very slow,
why you won't change your mind I don't know.
My love for you could never be more,
I'm waiting for the day you walk through my door.
In my dreams we are always together,
but as I know sleep and dreams can't last forever.
Thinking of us brings a tear to my eye,
making me wonder to myself why?
Someday soon that hand I can no longer find,
will once again be forever mine.

Dawn Freitag
Junior

Love...

Nobody knows exactly what it means.
You think you feel it, but it's not really what it seems
It can make you happy with a smile on your face,
It can make you sad, bring a tear, leaving a trace
People say it everyday, but do they really mean what they say?
We need to think before we open our mouth,
to make sure we know what we're talking about
"I love you" is an expression too easily used,
say it only when you mean it, so it won't be abused.

Kerri Stein
Junior

A Figment of My Imagination?

Are you there or just a figment
of my imagination?
I know you were there for me once,
but now you're gone.
I wish I could feel your loving touch
and warm embrace.
I want you to know how I feel.
How I've felt all along.
I love you with all my heart
and always will.
Please, I'm begging,
don't be a figment of my imagination.

Lisa Gradin
Senior



Hallucination

Ouch! Stop it! You're hurting me. Help! Somebody help me. The ants are marching on my legs. They're trying to kill me. There are millions of them, biting my skin. Oh no - now I'm on fire. I'm so hot - please, pour water on me or I'll burn to death. The flowers, they're just too bright. Get them away. I'm going blind, please help me...

Silence.

I think I want to leave. I hate the world, everything is mean to me. Yes, I want to leave and fly away to another place. A beautiful place, a safer place. That's it! I'll fly. How peaceful, how wonderful. Here I go out the window - it's just me and the clouds from now on, just me and the clouds...

*Angela Hansen
Junior*



Tear dampened face,
Glazy eyes from
depression and loneliness.
I reach out and you're
not there, you never will
be again. All I have left
are memories and a
landmark in the ground.

*Erin Guss
Junior*

Traidor Del Corazón

yo creía
en la hermosura
y que no puede estar encontrada en los ojos
sino en el corazón

yo creía
en el amor
y que puede salvar todo el mundo
de sus demonios personales

sin embargo, cuando te encontré
en la luz de sol
lloré en humildad
¿merece mi corazón
de un amor tan hermoso?

yo creía
en el corazón
pero ya no creo
porque es solamente una palabra
de desesperación

Verónica
(para mi amiga secreta)



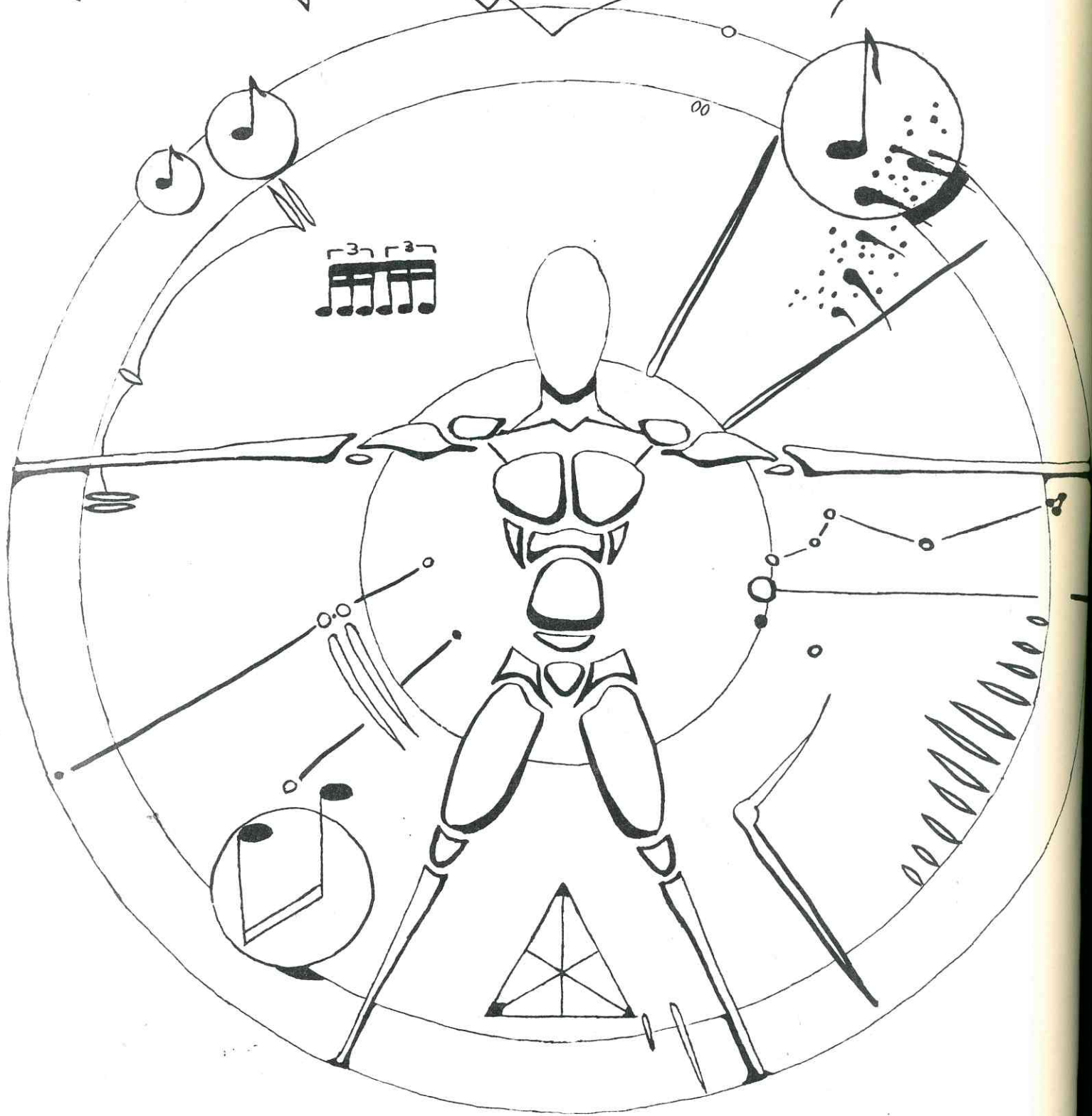
I lay here
in this little coffin
tears rolling down
like so often
Will I wake up from this nightmare
and finally be forgiven
for the punishment
that I have been given?
I lay in this wooden box
and wonder when my parents will come
and take me back up
and yell at me, for I'm dumb.
This little coffin,
buried underground
wishing for a life
and dying without a sound.

Holly Wuestenberg
Junior

Twilight blue eyes
holding his deepest secrets
and silent cries,
powerful lies,
forbidden truths
and endless goodbyes,
encircled down deep.
His haunting past
that he must keep
so much pain
fills them so dark
with only destiny to gain

Holly Wuestenberg
Junior

MARTIAN LOVE SECRETS



Life

The troubled world in which we live gives most of us plenty to think about. But have you ever thought about the concept of life? What is the purpose of life? Are we all part of God's master plan, or are we just a group of living material on a lonely planet? So far, our purpose has been to evolve, and to become a smarter and wiser human being. But this is basically meaningless.

We live and we die, ending up in almost the same spot that we started, only a little bit smarter.

It's an endless cycle of multiplying and evolving until finally a war breaks out and the surface population is decreased.

As mankind evolves and becomes smarter, our technology also advances. But, as technology advances, the resources which God has given us decrease, and the planet that we live on becomes more and more polluted. This may be a major problem in the future of the human race. If the earth and its resources deplete faster than our technology advances, then the earth may not live through the next century.

Andy Sherrill
Junior

The Bomb

One fine weekend in November, Johnny and his best friend Sylvester had been planning to make a pipe bomb (a 10 inch piece of pipe packed with black powder sealed with wax at the ends and a fuse).

Johnny knew that the Thespian Conference in Des Moines was Saturday and it would be the perfect time to light the bomb in Sally's yard. Sally was an all-time enemy of Johnny and Sylvester. So, Saturday night, when the boys got back from the Thespian Conference, they hopped in Johnny's car and drove to Hy-Vee. Why Hy-Vee? Well, Hy-Vee had big bags of flour to put the bomb in and Johnny thought it would be really cool.

It was now 2:30 and the boys had gotten the flour and headed towards Sally's house. When they got to Sally's, Sylvester and Johnny had to park at the dead end hoping not to be seen by any surprise neighbors.

They got out of the car and Sylvester ran to Sally's yard. He quickly got out his lighter and tried to light the fuse, but no matter what, he could not get the fuse lit. Sylvester tried and tried until finally, the fuse lit.

Sylvester ran to the car as hard as he could without being conspicuous. The boys rolled down the windows and drove away slowly waiting for the loud noise.

K-A-B-O-O-M.

Adrian Sherrill
Junior

WRITER INDEX

ASH, NICHOLE	
AULIFF, LILY	33
BELLMAN, TARA	35
BIRTELL, JENNY	34
BURMEISTER, JENNIFER	38
BUSH, ERIN	6
EDMONDS, SHAWNNAH	25, 29
FREITAG, DAWN	21
GRADIN, LISA	1, 6, 38
GUSS, ERIN	31, 35, 39
HANSEN, ANGELA	41
HEIDGERKEN, ANDREW	31, 41
HEIDGERKEN, GERARD	31
HIGAREDA, CRISTINA	25, 29
HORN, KRISTEN	3
HUTSON, TRACI	11
JONES, ELIZABETH	5
LAFFERTY, JOHN	35, 37
LUNG, HEIDI	7
MCDONNELL, KELLY	9, 21, 34
NEBBELING, JENNY	22, 33
ORRIS, AMANDA	4
SCHNEKLOTH, CLINT	22
SCHROEDER, SHAWN	3, 19
SHERRILL, ADRIAN	1, 13
SHERRILL, ANDY	45
SOENKSEN, TANYA	45
STEIN, KERRI	17, 23, 42
THORNTON, MINDY	39
VOELKEL, LYNN	15, 23
WARNER, GINA	19, 27
WEST, TERESA	12
WUESTENBERG, HOLLY	4
	43

ARTIST INDEX

BELL, JUSTIN	36, 40
DICKEY, DAN	20
FARREY, NIKI	32
GUSS, ERIN	41
HEIDGERKEN, ANDREW	8
HENNINGSEN, DUSTIN	30
MIZER, BARB	10
MOORE, KIM	26
SCHEE, BRIAN	2
SCHOENTHALER, JOE	14
SKADAL, WENDY	42
STENDER, JILL	24
SZEMKUS, MARK	44
WHITNEY, BRIAN	18, 28

11/11/11